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MR. HOOLEY ON RECIPROCITY

REPRINTED FROM "INDUSTRIAL CANADA."

"SO LONG AS THEY LET US HAVE THE LEFT WAN IN THEIR POCKET."

MR. HOOLEY ON RECIPROCITY AS MADE IN WASHINGTON.

"Good evenin' to ye," said Mr. Grogan as he entered Mr. Hooley's cosy little bar-room.

"Hello, Grogan, have ye a dollar on ye?" answered Mr. Hooley, as he laid down a paper he had been reading and leaned over the bar. "Ah well! 'tis mine now," he continued, having pocketed the dollar handed him by the unwary Grogan. Then the old man, with a shrewd smile breaking over his face, carefully picked out a wooden toothpick from a tumbler on the bar, and presented it to his little friend. "There now," said he, "we're square." "Square what?" queried the little man. "What do ye call that?" "That," said Mr. Hooley, "is Reciproshity as made in Washin'ton." "Reciproshity," yelled Grogan, "I call it stalin'." "P'raps it is," said Mr. Hooley, as he calmly lit his pipe, "but 'tis the kind they make at Washin'ton for the frindly nations an' the kind that we Canajins are given an' that we take too, to the tune of millions of dollars, an' of men too, Grogan, an' wid less kickin' than you've made over that dollar.

"I've just been readin' a spache made at

a convintion in Washin'ton, Grogan, an' drawin' me own sensible conclusions, an' as the lawyers say, readin' betune the lines.

"'Twas like this :—

"'Fellow Citizens,' sez the spaker, 'we're the greatest nation on the earth an' the most liberal. We have been,' sez he, 'liberal in the past, an' let us continue to thrate our brother nations to the best advantage. The quistion before us,' sez he, 'is reciproshity wid our Canajin brothers, an' I say, wid a full heart—an' pocket—let us continue on the lines we have been goin' for years, for it has been good for us an' they're not kickin'. Let us,' sez he, 'say to our brothers in Canada—"We will continue the same principles that have brought gold an' glory to us, an' may bring 'old glory' to you." 'We will,' sez he, 'continue the same principles of reciproshity we are now givin' you, in effect. Lave your doors open free to our steel rails,' sez he, 'an' we, gentlemen, while kapin' sivin dollars on our rails, will admit your product of Wampum belts free. Give the same low rate on agricoolthral implements an' we'll open our markets at twinty per cint to yeer otter of roses. Lower the bars on oats an' hay an' grain, an' we on our part will freely meet you—Canajin brothers —on yeer home grown tay.

"'Reduce your tariff on cattle an' horses an' sich like, an' we, sirs, will admit skylarks an' canary birds at twinty per cent.

"'Make aisy the way for the intry of our machinery of all kinds, an' bank drafts an' gold will be admitted free by us.

"'Fling wide your gates to our sheep an' hogs, an' hins, an' fish an' ducks, an' the air of yeer mountains an' lakes an' seas can flow freely thro' our portals.

"'Admit, 'sez he,' our wire an' illictric machines an' things like that, an' we will pass all wireless telegraphs as free as the air referred to, an' under the same clause of the tariff

"'We are,' sez he, 'overflowin' with love for ye, an' if ye continue to let us overflow ye wid our produchts, the Sunny Smile of yeer Primer will be free to shine at our bankwets.

"'Don't waste yeer time in buildin' works, sez he, 'we've plinty, an' we'll build more on th orders ye sind us, an' if yeer boys haven't any work at home, sind thim over here an' we'll keep thim busy, an' if ye continue yeer prisint hivin sint policy, the boys ye sind will niver forgit home as we can keep thim workin' on your own orders.

"'Let the Canajins,' he sez, 'keep their hands on the ploughs we supply, an' all will be well for us. Remimber what the poet

sez,' sez he, '"If I make the ploughs, I care not who uses them." Let our Canajin frinds till their soil, so long as we can keep on emptin' their till,' sez he. 'Let thim keep on,' sez he, 'on their—"Tis more blissid to give than to resave policy," an' we can stand the resavin,' sez he. 'Let us encourage thim to be chewers of wood an' dhrinkers of wather, an' let us continue to give thim the right hand of frindship so long as they let us have the lift wan in their pocket. Wid a policy such as we have wid thim now we'll keep on expoortin' thim from our farms an' mills an' facthries, an' in return we only have to take their dollars an' their young men, an' what more do we want?' sez he, 'what more need we do until they kick?' sez he, 'an' I say to ye, fellow citizens, lave what's well for us alone, an' wait till the fellow we are robbin' gets on to it an' kicks, an' if he thrates us to our own midicine, than 'twill be time to offer better terms.' "

"Thin why don't we kick," asked Grogan, as the old man ceased.

"Sorrow a wan of me knows," answered Mr Hooley, as he wiped his brow after his oratorical effort. "They say 'tis the farmers that lads like him I've been tellin' ye of do be persuadin' that 'tis best for thim to have it so, an' they say, too, that the Goovir-

"'TIS LIKE ATIN' ONIONS."

ment here thinks the farmers don't want to kick, but faith, Grogan, they'll find themselves mistaken wan of these days, for what wid seein' their boys havin' to go over the border for work an' wan thing an' another the farmers an' iv'rywan else do be wakin' up, an' learnin' what we larnt in ould Ireland, avick, that farmin' alone will make no land rich, that we need the lads to ate an' buy as well as the wans to plough an' gro . We need the mills an' foundries an' workshops that kape our sons at home to buy what grows on our farms, for if 'tis the man that drives the plough that makes the whate grow, faith, 'tis the man that makes the plough that ates it, and it pays better to have the lads alongside of ye to buy what ye have to sell, than to be payin' freight to the ind of the world, an' we know too, Grogan, that here in Canada we could feed millions more at good profits, an' shtill have lashins' to ship away. Faith ! if they had workin' men alongside of thim in Ireland to ate all the praties they can grow there, it's rich they'd be, an' so would we be here too, Grogan, if we would hould up our own heads, build up our own fince an' keep our boys at home by givin' them work to do makin' our own ploughs an' binders an' machines an' iv'rything we need instid of sendin' first our work away over the

"WHIN THE FARMERS GET TO KNOW IT, THEY'LL KICK THO'."

bordher an' thin havin' to sind our money an' our boys after it, an' we will niver see boys or dollars back again till we change the tune. 'Whin the farmers get to know it, they'll kick tho,' Grogan, an' they'll hear the kick in Ottawa, for they have their ears to the ground there."

"Mebbe thim farmers are free thraders," said Grogan.

"Well," replied Mr. Hooley, "p'raps they are, but I wud like to meet wan of thim an' ask him, What that manes, wid a man that won't thrade back, or shwap fair, who keeps his fince so high that we can't reach over, while our fince is small an' mane wid a bar down almost all the way round. I'd say to him, 'Are ye willin' your neighbor should be dhrivin' his cattle through the low bar to feed on your grass an' hay for nothin' an' chargin' you iv'ry-time a hin hopped over his fince, or an egg rolled under it.' I'd say, 'Tis foorce of circumstances that makes fair thrade or free thrade right,' an' "Give an' take" would be both free and fair, but all "give" is naythe the wan nor the other.' Ah! Grogan, 'tis like atin' onions. If the lad ye have to lie down by is atin' thim, ye must do the same or be smothered, an' if the free thrade farmer couldn't see that, what could he see? Well,

JACK CANUCK BEGINS TO BUILD UP HIS WALL

well, they call any wan that's aisy—'a farmer' in the United Shtates. They must have been thinkin' of the free tradin' wans whin they invinted the word."

"What would ye do," queried Grogan,

"What I'm goin' to do now," said Mr. Hooley, "Shut Up the Bar."

"Not on yer loife," yelled the little man, "till I have back my dollar." "Well, here 'tis me son," said Mr. Hooley, "faith! if the Goovirmint an' the people were as bright as you an' kicked as hard, we'd have had our money an' our boys too back long ago, an' a fince up that would keep all tight and prosperous."

LETUS A. WAKE.